

UNUSUALLY DEAD

i find the yellow brick road that stops in front of
your house. we gopher under it together, looking for
lost dimes and for the little people, who are rumored
to live there, massaging the roots of the oak trees.
we find instead the rusted remains of a 1946 Buick.
you wipe the dirt from the windshield and peer in. the
couple in the back seat are decidedly underfed and
unusually dead.

THOSE REMARKABLE EYES

an ant is crawling on the other side of the dodecahedron
you are holding in your hands. you know he is there, but
no matter how fast you turn the object he is always on the
other side. you have never even seen him. you just know he
is there. you can imagine the way his antennae wiggle. and
his mouth parts. and those eyes. those remarkable eyes.

THE SILENCE

they passed the cup into the void
they passed the charm across her face
her mouth was closed she didn't breathe
her eyes stared into space

they thought she knew about the sign
about the trees that swam and sank
and swam and sank and swam again
then floated to the further bank

they passed the charm across her face
they said the words they always knew
her mouth was closed she didn't breathe
the silence grew and grew .

-- Bob Heman

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